EXCISE

EXCISED

January 31, 1963 - Thursday.

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E and I went this morning to Westminster Abbey, to attend a memorial service for Hugh Gaitskell. The Abbey was crowded; almost all the members of the Cabinet were there, as well as leading political figures of every party. The service was [redacted] beautiful. It lasted an hour. The most attractive feature was the singing of the final hymn, written by Blake and set to music by Sir Hubert Parry, the last stanza of which reads:

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REVIEWED BY RLW DATE 6-11-81
PORTIONS DENIED AS INDICATED

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Immediately afterwards, I went to see the Prime Minister, who had just returned from the Service, at Admiralty House. He favored me with a couple of glasses of sherry, and a wise conversation on what might be done in view of the break-down of the Brussels negotiations.

I talked at some length about my trip to Washington, set for tomorrow, as a consequence George Ball telephoning me last night and saying I should come over at once and see the President about European matters. The Prime Minister and I discussed in some detail various ways in which he and the President might meet at some date not far distant.

I lunched with E at the office, and afterwards Baron Bentinck, the Ambassador to the Netherlands, came to see me.

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